THE

WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

" Of those men who have overturned the Liberties of Republics, the greatest number
" have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the People—commencing
" DEMAGOGUES, and ending TYRANTS." HAMILTON.

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MONITOR.

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No. IX.

(Continued from page 250.)

" My ideas and my principles led me, in this contest, to encounter France, not as a *State*, but as a *Faction*." BURKE.

It is a truth which ought ever and anon, to be sounded in the ears of the American people, and of those to whom it is given to guide our national councils, that France, since the Jacobin æra, is not to be dealt with as we would deal with other, and civilized nations. She is to be trusted only so far as we have not only what lawyers would stile a *lien* upon her in justice, but a direct, palpable, and sure hold upon her *interests:* And every claim must not only be sanctioned by justice, but be guaranteed by *power*.

She does not achieve her conquests, like the Romans of old, by her hardihood, her fortitude, and the rigid and persevering exercise of that patience and courage, which, by the ancients, were numbered among the principal virtues; but she disarms by her emissaries, and circumvents and entangles by her infernal diplomatic arts, those nations which she marks as the victims of her rapacity. Like the serpent that is preparing to swallow his prey, she defiles with her slaver, what she intends to devour. " Frenchmen first deflour the purity of their struggling and half consenting victims, and then with their ruffian daggers, they stifle at once the voice, and the remembrance of the pollution. Such are their abominations; such are their orgies of blood and lust. And, when their cruelty is at last wearied out and exhausted, and demands a pause, they call it clemency*."

There is one simple fact which completely developes the plan of the Jacobin sect, and which it would seem that no one could overlook, was he not *fooled* out of his senses, by deluding demagogues. The Jacobin pioneers of France, throughout the world, maintain *one kind of policy* as proper for *France* to adopt, and *another, and contrary kind, as fitting for all other nations.* They applaud France for making herself a military nation, but raise a hue and cry against the government of any other nation, that attempts to imitate her example. In France, the art of war has been sedulously cultivated with the approbation of her revolutionary philosophers, and politicians, while their admirers and imitators in all other countries, would have the governments depend on their justice, their tameness, their civility, and their pacific proclamations, for their defence. Mr. Jefferson tells us, that a *just nation* has nothing to fear from its adversaries, and that " reason is the umpire between nations." And this maxim appears to furnish a clue to the proceedings of all those statesmen, who, either through ignorance or design, are paving the way for French domination in America. But Burke, who was not inferior, (in the opinion at least, of anti-philosophists,) to Mr. Jefferson, and the whole herd of his admirers, declares, " that in small trucking states, a timely compromise with power, has often been the means of drawling out their puny existence. But a great state is too

* *Pursuits of Literature.*

much envied, too much dreaded, to find safety in humiliation. To BE SECURE, IT MUST BE RESPECTED Power, and eminence, and consideration, are things not to be begged. They must be commanded: and they who supplicate for mercy through others, can never hope for justice through themselves. What justice they are to obtain, as the alms of an enemy, *depends upon his character*, and that they ought well to know, before they implicitly confide."

We cannot, without launching widely into details, and giving a history of the origin of the Grand Conspiracy against religion and social order, now show that it was a part of their scheme to make France a military nation, and at the same time induce all other nations to depend on French friendship, for safety and protection. This is, however, the less incumbent, as it is notorious, that she *dragooned* as well as cajoled the victims of her tyranny, to accept the fatal present, the Pandora's box, which she called *Liberty*. Indeed, it is evident to all who have the least smattering of the history of the French revolution, that an appeal to arms, to enforce their "*armed doctrine*," has never been lost sight of by the *organizators* of Paris. With them it was "first and last, and midst, and without end, in all their thoughts and public actions." Although the fanatical philosophers might believe that they saw in prospect, a millennium approaching, the politicians well knew that *there must be blood*. Hence they became unremittingly sedulous in their attention to the military art. They were solicitous that every citizen should become a *soldier*, and the territory of the republic a *camp*. They were well convinced that a destruction of one fourth of the population of France by civil war, would not weaken the power of the nation, provided the survivors became thereby soldiers, inured to the *practice*, as well as skilled in the *art* of war.

Hence, from the commencement of the revolution the most unremitted attention to the science, as well as the art of war. Hence their military schools, and the variety of new devices in the art of destruction, which have rendered modern Frenchmen so vastly superior in the field, to those who fought the battles of Louis XIV. Indeed, such is their superiority in the mechanism of military movements; such is the advantage they derive from the dexterous use of horse artillery, and other modes of annoying an enemy, which are, in a great measure, peculiar to French tactics, that perhaps, they can be successfully opposed, only by a Fabian system of skirmishes and sallies, like that adopted by the Callabrians, or, by putting their prowess at once to the test of the bayonet. In the latter mode, in which Herculean sinews, and presence of mind, decide the victory, they must yield the palm to the British; and more especially to such men as those who, at Breedshill and Saratoga, taught even the British that they were vincible.

But it is not in the field, in fair, open, honourable, and customary modes of warfare, that the French are principally to be dreaded. It is in our *councils*, in our "back-stair" juntos, they must be met. It is by our fire sides, in our families, in our civic entertainments, in our dancing assemblies, in our public entertainments of every description, that they must be *baffled*. Destroy their influence obtained in these schools of French principles, in which the emissaries of the Jacobin sect *drug* the *mind* of the country, and we may yet bid defiance to the *physical powers* of France, great as they unquestionably are.

In nothing, however, is the art of France--the diplomatic skill of Frenchmen, more apparent in America, than in exciting their emissaries to hush us with the lullaby of peace, that they may find us *napping*, and thus destroy us without a struggle. They have no doubt been successful in making many of our politicians believe, that they are engaged in the cause of liberty, who are in fact, the pioneers of French desolation. Military academies, an army, a navy, fortifications; in short, every thing

which can add to the *power* of the nation by many of our *good hearted* politicians, (saying nothing about their heads) are thought to be hostile to liberty.

Even the best of our good men, Federalists, as well as others, have, we fear, been a little too squeamish in their apprehensions of danger, from a standing military force. That there are evils attendant on such an establishment, no one can deny. They are too frequently the nurseries of indolence and pro igacy, and are sometimes weapons in the hands of a Cæsar, a Cromwell, or a Bonaparte, to destroy the liberties of a country. But as the governments of the European world are now constituted, and as the laws of nations now exist, or rather *do not exist*, in France and her dependencies, it is more than ever incumbent upon every nation that would escape the fangs of French dominion, to rely *solely* upon *power* for security. The evils which are to be apprehended, from a standing army, are trivial indeed, in comparison to what would be felt in the gripe of the French tiger.

Our *sagacious* politicians, who cherish apprehensions of danger from a regular standing military force, are in fact, hugging *personal liberty*, at the expense of *national independence*. Rather than trust their own brethren with weapons of defence, they are prepared not to run the chance, but to encounter the certainty of falling into the hands of the ruffians of Europe. One would think, had we not some who are reputed respectable characters of this class, that such men are not to be reasoned with as mistaken, but pitied as insane. At any rate, we advise them to keep their wisdom to themselves, till we see the dawning of that philosophical millennium, which has been promised us by the piddling philosophists of revolution. One ounce of common sense, *as times are*, is worth all their theories this side the moon. Common sense tells me, if I fall unarmed into the hands of a hungry ruffian, if I escape with life, I shall at least be plundered of my property. But Jeffersonian philosophy, says, *preach* to him about friendship, and the rights of man, and tell him that *reason* is the only umpire among *rational* animals; and he will in turn treat you with *civility*. No, says your *moderate* man, your half-way federalist, that is a little *too philosophical*. Although, to be sure, this ruffian is a very Abaellino, armed cap-a-pee, I would have you put yourself under the protection of farmer Hodge, and his pitchfork I'll warrant you he'll handle him. But by no means trust to the guardianship of a bully of a regular soldier, who is professor of the awful trade of fighting, lest he should turn ruffian himself, and butcher the man it is his duty and interest to defend!!

These half-way men in national affairs, are always nuisances to a nation. The timid time-serving, corrupt, and rascally policy of Haugwitz, the Prussian traitor, was adopted by his master, and Prussia is blotted from the list of nations, and the irresolute and wavering monarch has probably before this time, paid with his life the forfeit of listening to *moderate* counsels. Indeed, the man who, as these times are, will cause a single bayonet to be manufactured, is worth all your rights-of-man politicians in America. Not that we are not friends to personal liberty, but exclusive attention to petty regulations respecting the real or supposed infringement of the rights of a few individuals, caught almost in the very act of levying war against their country, at a time when the existence of the nation is menaced by the most formidable power the world ever beheld, is, to say the mildest, taking tithes of mint, annise, and cummin, and neglecting the weighter matters of the law.

If we examine the political history of the United States, from the time of the mission of Genet, down to the present hour, we shall find that the party which has been accused by their opponents, of entertaining an improper predilection for England, have been uniform, in recommending and adopting measures which would enable us to bid defiance to her power. They have uniformly been the advocates for arming and fortifying, and thus command-

ing respect; but those, who either through weakness or wickedness, have furthered the views of France, have ever attempted to persuade us, and with we fear, a fatal success, to rely on the friendship of nations for our security. How ought we to deal with a faction, which may be said to have been binding us hand and foot, by refusing us the means of defence? A faction composed either of the deluded disciples of some wild and impractible theory, or men who mean to make a merit of presenting us, already shackled, as slaves to Bonaparte?

For the Weekly Inspector.

CHRONICLES.

CHAP. VII.

NOW it came to pass when Thomas the Mountainite was in the sixth year of his reign, that the Yorkites which dwell in the great City near the sea side, lifted up their voice, with one accord, saying,

Behold, our City containeth much people and treasure, and also divers works of curious workmanship in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron;

And there be in our City divers ragamuffins, both of our own country and of others, which have been blowed hither by the four winds of heaven.

And among all the nations of the earth there are wars, and rumours of wars. And plunder and desolation follow the steps of the conqueror, and destruction burneth under his feet. And the age of the world is changed.

And Thomas the king hath said that the treasury overfloweth with money, even as the Nile overfloweth its banks: insomuch that he knoweth not what to do therewith, and *talketh* of making roads and opening canals. For Thomas was an exceeding great *talker* from the beginning.

Then certain of the Yorkites cried out, O, King, live for ever! for he had *talked* that which tickled them amazingly. So the king continued to lead them, even as sheep are led to the slaughter.

Then certain of the Yorkites, of the *sect* of the Federalites, assembled themselves together, and they prepared a petition, and sent it to the elders of the people, saying,

Forasmuch as ye have money in plenty, even as sand upon the sea shore, and seeing how great a portion thereof cometh from this our City, grant us somewhat of our own money to fortify it;

Lest an enemy come like a thief in the night, and destroy us;

Leading our sons captive, and their fathers into captivity, ravishing our wives and our daughters, and desolating our City, and leaving not one stone upon another.

Hear us, in mercy, and carry our prayers before the King.

Moreover, ye shall tell him, that inasmuch as he loveth exceedingly to speechify concerning the great riches which are gathered into the treasury, it behoveth him to make strong the City from whence so great treasure cometh; lest, peradventure, if the City fall, his speeches may be crippled exceedingly.

Now Tom the Brandyite, the same which hath the red nose, who fed in the pantry of the King, and slept in his bosom, was exceeding wroth.

And he lifted up his bottle and his quill, and sware that the thing should by no means be.

Now Thomas the King loved Tom the Brandyite with a love surpassing the love of woman, even more than David loved Jonathan of old.

Nevertheless, the Yorkites continued of the same mind.

Then certain among the Jacobinites, whose King and whose idol Thomas the Mountainite was, said one to another,

Behold, now, if the Federalites shall prevail on the King and the Elders to fortify the City, that men will look up to them and bless them, and they will be called the saviours of the City, and we who were aforetime of little note, will be driven back to our original insignificance, and will no more be permitted to set high in the congregation.

Therefore, seeing that the Elders of the nation will assuredly cause the City to be fortified, let us be up and be doing.

And we will cause the fortifications to rise up around the City, before the petition of the Federalites arrive. Then shall the people love the Jacobinites; and their eyes shall continue to be blind to our abominations.

And James the Hatterite shall laugh at them. And James answered and said, I will laugh at them exceedingly *. So James laughed aloud, even before it was time; and thereafter James laughed not, but looked like a fool.

And the Elders of the nation laid their heads together, even as pumpkins are gathered together in corn time; and they answered the Yorkites after this manner, saying,

If an enemy cometh upon your City by surprise, with his great ships, and his men of the sea, and his armed men of might, and ye shall hear the roaring of his cannon throughout all your streets;

Then shall ye sound the trumpet, and ye shall call on the gun-boats, to descend from the cornfields to your relief. And ye shall shoot from them a great shoot; yea, a mighty loud and terrible shoot.

And peradventure a miracle may be wrought for you, and the enemy may quake for fear, and retire in dismay. For the gun-boats shall be sent unto him, as an evil thing in the darkness. Know ye not they are so small that he will not see from whence his harm cometh?

Howbeit, if the enemy shall persevere, and the gun-boats shall perish before his wrath, then shall ye fly unto the mountains with exceeding great speed, even as Thomas our King fled aforetime.

And ye shall take with you your wives, and your children, and your little ones; and your gold, and your silver, and your precious things, and whatsoever ye can. And the *balance* ye shall leave as a peace offering to the enemy, and peradventure his wrath will be assuaged, and he will turn his ships from you, *and proceed to some other City.*

Then shall ye rejoice that ye were not rooted out from the earth, and ye shall return with great rejoicing, every man to his own house; and shout the praises of Thomas the King with great shouting. And Thomas the King answered and said, So let it be done.

Now when the Yorkites heard these things, they were greatly amazed; and on that day the City was sorely afflicted. And they cried one to another, saying, Behold, there is no safety for us.

Nevertheless, the Jacobinites cried out the more, O King Thomas, live for ever!

So Tom the Brandyite was useful in his labours, and he prevailed over the City of the Yorkites all his days.

Now the rest of the acts of Thomas the Mountainite, how he hid himself in a cave, and worshipped twenty Gods and no God; how he paid his friends with continental money; how he cherished Callender, who threw dust upon the head of Washington; how he afterwards wept over the tomb of Washington; how he made fine promises in a fine speech, and broke them;

How he persecuted the friends of Washington and the men of might, who fought for the country in the day of its peril;

How he advanced adventurers, men of distant nations, to the high places;

How he cherished the people that dwell towards the going down of the sun, with the money paid by those who dwell near the sea shore;

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* This alludes to an article in the American Citizen of Dec. 17, which Cheetham ushered to the world with all the snickering of impotent exultation:

"*A federal trick defeated.*—The feds are too late with their petition for fortifying, &c. The business is begun before it is subscribed. Congress have already gone into the subject in good earnest. Had not the feds better let their petition stay where it is? If sent to Congress now, the thing will look like a *farce*, whereas it is intended to have a very grave appearance."

How he refused to fortify their City, and save them from destruction, laughing their fears to scorn;

And how he made gun-boats and pop-guns, and became a feeder of prarie-dogs and bull-frogs;

And how he kept a nick nackatory, and was great in little things, and little in great things; behold, are they not written in the Book of the Disgraces of the Americanites.?

An obliging correspondent, whose future favours are respectfully solicited, has furnished us with the following article. It exhibits in glaring colours, the deep-rooted despotism with which *republican* Bonaparte, has bound the French people:—a despotism which he has *blasphemously* endeavoured to sanction, under the cloak of religion.

The following is extracted from the Catechism of the French empire, published by Cardinal De Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, and sanctioned by the Decree of the Emperor Napoleon, of the 4th of April, 1806.

LESSON VII.

Continuation of the Fifth Commandment.

Q. What are the duties of a Christian, with respect to the Princes who are set over them, and what in particular, are our duties towards Napoleon First, our Emperor?

A. Christians owe to the Princes who reside over them, and in particular, to Napoleon I. our emperor, fidelity, military service, the payment of contributions for the preservation and defence of the Empire, and of his throne: we owe him, moreover, our fervent prayers for his safety, and for the spiritual and temporal prosperity of the nation.

Q. Why do we owe these duties to our Emperor?

A. Because, in the first place, God who establishes empires, and disposes of them according to his will, by conferring his blessings upon our Emperor, both in peace and in war, has ordained him to be our sovereign, has rendered him the minister of his power, and his image upon earth. To honour and to serve our Emperor, is, herefore, to honour and serve God himself. Secondly, because our Lord Jesus Christ, as well by his doctrine as his example, has taught us himself, our duty to our Sovereign: he was born obeying the decree of Augustus Cæsar—he paid the prescribed tribute, and as he declared that men should render unto God the things which are God's, he at the same time ordained, that we should render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.

Q. Are there not some particular motives, which ought strongly to attach us to Napoleon I. our Emperor?

A. Yes: for it is he whom God has raised up in our distress, to restore to us the religion of our fathers, and to be its defence. He has re-established public order by his wise and active policy, he protects the nation by his powerful arm; and he has become the Lord's anointed, by the consecration of the sovereign Pontiff, chief of the Church Universal.

Q. What are we then to think of those who fail in their duty to our Emperor?

A. According to the holy Apostle Paul, they rebel against the order established by God himself, and render themselves liable to eternal damnation.

Q. Do the obligations we owe to our Emperor, bind us likewise with respect to his lawful successors in the order established by the constitution of the Empire?

A. Yes, most certainly; for we read in the Holy Scriptures, that God, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, by the dispensations of his supreme will, and by his providence gives Empires not only to an individual person in particular, but likewise to his family.

Editorial Acknowledgments and Observations.

The gentlemen who have heretofore enlivened and enriched our columns, are respectfully solicited to continue their favours.

We hope that the author of the Miranda trial, published in our third number, will again take the field, as the

champion of correct principles. From him every thrust told, and every blow went home.—Not a single Jacobin has dared to enter the list in opposition.—The advocates for a government founded on principle, and securing *rational liberty*, HAVE MERELY TO GIVE AN UNIVERSAL CIRCULATION TO WRITINGS LIKE THE "MIRANDA TRIAL," TO ENSURE THE DOWNFALL OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DIFFUSION OF CORRECT REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

The gentleman who obliged us with an essay, with the signature "Drusus," would add much to the obligation, by resuming the quill. Writings like his constitute an appeal to the *good sense* of the community. They will ultimately have an effect, although the still small voice of reason may be, *for the moment*, overpowered by the bellowings of party.

The "Republican of the OLD School" will, we hope, "*say on.*" Our demagogues are to be hit with a sledge hammer.—They will not feel a moderate castigation.

We will accommodate the poet who has obliged us with some well written productions, with the signature X, with Dr. Caustick's first floor, as perchance he may have no particular partiality for that old gentleman's garret. At any rate, a continuance of his favours is requested, and will be gratefully acknowledged by the editor.

The author of the essays, with the signature "DECIUS," is requested to redouble his efforts in the cause of truth and federalism: They must ultimately prevail, or we are indeed ruined. He holds a fervid pen, and we earnestly invite him to assist us in hunting down our demagogues.

The author of "A Democratical Ditty for Decius's Devotees," we hope has not hung his harp on the willows, as it did, in fact, "discourse most excellent music."

Our correspondent who has furnished us with the well written communication in the biblical style, which is published in the preceding pages of this number, is requested to continue to decorate our columns. Under the veil of solemn irony, he has conveyed important political truths, which are presented in a most pleasing garb. We hope that talents like his will not be buried in a napkin.

The author of the effusion to Clara, writes pretty things very prettily. He has the luxuriance without the wildness of many writers, who think they are *sentimental*, when in fact, they are only *soft*.

We would invite the author of a communication in our last with the signature "Junius," to light up our columns with the blaze of his invective.

The press of more important concerns has prohibited, for this week, our feasting on "Salmagundi." We will call and take a bite shortly, unless we should happen to have better company at home.

We have not had time to "gibbet" Jacobin Osborne, the gentleman who went to jail to induce people to pity him. In the mean time, we would advise his jacobin-ship, not to purloin any more of *our* poetry, for the purpose of garnishing his paper. The piece, which he has published on the 4th inst. with the title of "the origin and formation of the Old Bachelor," was written by the Editor of the Weekly Inspector, seven or eight years since, and first published, we believe, in the *Lay Preacher's Gazette*, Walpole, N.H.

From our Correspondent at Washington....Feb. 8.

"The situation of our country is truly alarming. While Prussia stood, there were some grounds to hope the Usurper would be confined to Europe at least for a time; but as he has overcome, borne down, and destroyed all opposition in that quarter, our turn must soon come. It will be in vain for us to look much longer to the all serving and powerful arm of Great-Britain—It will be miraculous if she can long save herself; and shall we be so infatuated, as to look to her to save us? What makes our situation the more alarming is, that instead of calling forth the resources of the nation, arousing the spirit and energies of the people, we are wasting the one in foolish chimerical pursuits, and rocking the other to sleep in the cradle of pretended security. Mr. Jefferson says, "that Bonaparte will never leave the pig of Europe, for the hedge-hog of America, where he has nothing to expect but dry knocks.—We have no treasures to tempt him; and if we can obtain the Floridas, he will guarantee a peace to the United States for twenty years." These are his words; and can you expect that under such impressions, any steps will be taken for the defence of our country? *Nothing efficient will be done.*—The dearest interests of the nation must, and will be sacrificed at the shrine of popularity. Another Presidential election is approaching; and, till after that period, the surplus money in the treasury will be guarded like the apple of the eye.—The elections of the officers in the city of New-York, last fall, gave a momentary alarm to the administration.—Hence the recommendation for putting our ports and harbours in a state of defence, in the President's message, at the opening of the present session of Congress.—It was then understood by men of discernment, that nothing was intended to be done; and the conduct of those who are called executive tools —"Interpreters of executive messages,"—back-stairs "and water-closet-men," has proved that nothing was intended. Mr. Elliot's resolutions were opposed by your Smilies, your Bidwells, your Varnums, and your Sloans, "all good water-closet-men and true." When the resolutions reported by the committee appointed on that part of the message which relates to the defence of ports and harbours, &c. were under discussion, it appeared that every kind, or system of defence, must give way to gun-boats.—But upon a second discussion the utility of the gun-boats were questioned—the current set against them, and there was great danger of that system falling into contempt. The friends of the President strove for a postponement of the question to a distant day, intending to give the resolution for the appropriation of money for building gun-boats, the *goby*.—They were afraid to meet the question, because it was apparent that two-thirds of the house were against appropriating one cent for that purpose. A motion for postponement was twice negatived. They pretended the want of information relative to the utility of gun-boats.—They wished for that information before they should be called on to decide. The representatives from New-York were threatened, that if they persisted in their opposition to the postponement of the question, the friends of gun-boats would oppose the appropriation of any money for fortifications. Some gave way, and the postponement was carried. A resolution has since been offered by Mr. Varnum, for appropriating one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of fortifying New-York. This is intended to secure the votes of New-York in favour of gun-boats, and thereby preserve the popularity of the President, and eventually to secure his next election. Thus, as I stated before, the dearest, the most important interests of our country are to be sacrificed, to save the popularity of that man. Gun-boats were his nonsensical hobby-horse; and notwithstanding every man of sense knows their inefficiency as a system of defence—that we now have more of them than we can

man; yet, as he recommended the building of sixty more, he must be supported at the risk of the whole country. New-York by the means may possibly get 100,000 dollars; but what is that compared to what our system of defence ought to be? It is but a drop to the bucket! Lay out 100,000 dollars in fortifying New-York, and you do but little.—We want other places fortified—we want arsenals—we want arms—we want ammunition—we want frigates—we want men. I mean instructed and disciplined men. Our militia are brave; but they know not how to use their bravery to advantage.

Our hollow-hearted democratic patriots, will certainly ruin the Country. What can we expect where patriotism consists in veering about, catching at every breath of popular applause, however destructive to the interest of the community, in order to retain power and place—It is disgusting, it is distressing, to see the management of a great nation in such hands—Our power is physically great, our resources incalculable; but we can use neither. Whenever invasion shall take place, you will find your flaming patriots the first to court the favour, and bow at the feet of the tyrant. I consider invasion as inevitable—Bonaparte wants colonies and commerce."

Monday morning between 3 and 4 o'clock the fire proof store occupied by George Barnwall, in the rear of his dwelling house in Wall-st. was discovered to be on fire. The peculiar situation of the building made it difficult for the firemen with their Engines to get near enough to play upon it with effect, and it was near an hour before any efforts that were made to arrest its progress were availing. In the mean time the flames had communicated to E. Seaman and Co's Sugar house, and before it could be got under completely sonsumed the inside of the building and destroyed sugar to a large amount.

E. P.

Extract of a letter from Nantz, to a Gentleman in Boston, dated Nov. 28.

"You will perceive that the French have shut the Elbe and Weser; that several ports in the Baltic, are in possession of our troops, and that the system of excluding the British from all the Continental ports, is by degrees accomplishing; it is thought the English will be under the necessity, either to forbid our ports to neutrals, or make a peace—the last opinion prevails.—Business is quite knocked down."

We have now the satisfaction of contradicting the article in our paper of yesterday, relative to our negociations with Britain. We are informed they have been brought to a just and happy conclusion; that a copy of the treaty is now before Congress; that it is admitted in one of the articles that our flag shall protect all Seaman sailing under it, excepting deserters from the service of Great-Britain; and that we shall have a free and uninterrupted intercourse with all nations. By the Washington mail of to day, we expect further information. *Baltimore Tel.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Echo, an Original American work, has just been published in this City, and is for sale by Brisban and Brannan, No. 1, City Hotel. It is printed in one volume, 8vo. and contains eight fine highly comic plates, designed by Tisdale and engraved by Leney.

This work, consisting principally, of productions written in the *mock sublime*, cannot fail to be read with avidity by Americans; as it consists in a series of well written poems, which are at once interesting and amusing, and brought home to their business and bosoms. It strips the mask from the pseudo-patriot, ridicules the tenets of French philosophy, and consigns to perpetual infamy the principal demagogues of our age and country.

The Life of the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox, exhibiting a faithful account of the most remarkable events attending his political career, a delineation of his character as a Statesman, senator and a man of fashion, comprehending numerous anecdotes of his public and private life, and an accurate description of the ceremonies which took place at his funeral. By B. C. WALPOLE, Esq. to which is added the char-

acter of Mr. Fox, by R. B. Sheridan Esq. is published, by E. Sargeant, No. 39, Wall-st.

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Messrs. Russell and Cutler, of Boston, have published a full and authentic report of the trial of Thomas O. Selfridge, Esq. on an indictment of Manslaughter, for killing Mr. Charles Astin, on the public exchange, Boston.

This contains a mass of law knowledge on most interesting points, which have rarely been agitated in our courts. They are drawn from the most authentic sources, and were enforced with eloquence, which reflects honour on the genius of our country.

Any eulogy, however, on this work will be thought superfluous, when it is premised that the splendid talents of Messrs Ames, Otis, Gore and Dexter, were exhibited in this highly interesting trial.

As a law report it is perhaps the most important ever published in America, and should be in possession of every professional character in this country.

Likewise, a pamphlet containing the occurrences antecedent to the trial. This will be found interesting, not only on account of the facts narrated, but from its pointing out and inforcing those correct principles, and that high sense of honour, which forms the characteristic of a gentleman.

We hope shortly to take further notice of these publications.

—

"The breast which happiness bestows,
"Reflected happiness shall bless."

The case of Mr. Bowen, late proprietor and owner of the Columbian Museum, Boston, claims the attention of the benevolent.

Mr. Bowen, has twice sustained heavy and peculiar losses by fire. By the first stroke of that terrible calamity, he lost the profits of sixteen years industry. The second stroke of misfortune has rendered an appeal to the generosity of the publick indispensable. Mr. Bowen, had pledged the principal part of his property, to meet the expenses which arose from the construction of his new Museum, and has been deprived of his all. by the accident before mentioned, and has now no chance of re-establishing himself, but through the liberality of his fellow citizens.

The Proclamation of the French Emperor, which we have given in this week's paper, will be read with horror and detestation by every person who is not callous to the welfare of the human race. It is nothing better than a declaration of war against civilized society, proclaiming the laws of nations worm-eaten codes, and power the only criterion of right.

It in effect, denounces all who speak the *English language*. Americans may of consequence consider it as tantamount to a proclamation of direct hostility against the United States.

The pretext that England had previously offended by being guilty of similar measures, is ridiculously frivolous, and without the logic of *force* to support it, would be thought to entitle the tyrant to the utter contempt of all rational beings. It is saying England has done wrong, *therefore* I will do worse. But the truth is that the suggestions which prelude that declaration of piracy are false. We shall soon, however, feel the weight of Emperor Bonaparte's reasons. His bayonets are more convincing than his logic.

—

We have received nothing very material since our last relative to the belligerents in Europe. France, notwithstanding rumours to the contrary, has experienced no reverses of Fortune. Russia cannot oppose her progress, and the continent of Europe is completely at her feet.

—

From our State Legislature, we have nothing of eminent importance. The Lewisites are as loud as ever in their acclamations to Mr. Jefferson. It appears that they will not open their eyes till the suffering of the nation is past all endurance. It is high time for the disciples of Washington to erect a standard of their own.

The fulsome eulogies on Mr Jefferson and his administration, show that the Lewisites, are still a section of the old faction. If we are saved at all, we must adopt Federal measures, not forgetting Federal men. The sounding the trumpet in praise of Mr. Jefferson, by the Governor, and the echo from the house, is not the way to make Federal friends. The Federalists are willing to forgive many things, which they cannot forget. If the men who have led us into the ditch, show no disposition to lead us out again, we must consider them, on the whole, as blind guides.

The experience of Pennsylvania ought to teach us that we have not much

to choose between comparative and superlative degrees of baseness. The men, who did not open their eyes till they were hit hard over the head, are not "Solomon's in council." They have run against a wall, and now, for the first time, find it in their way, and still would make us believe they are lynx-eyed politicians.

If the Federalists refuse to erect a standard of their own, if they temporize, and trim, we fear political rectitude will become unfashionable. Our public offices will be found merely allurements to men to barter their principles for the prospect of emolument. Like the golden apples of Atalanta, they will but divert from the path of political rectitude, and lure the competitors for office from the goal of public good.

The letters of "Marcus" display the turpitude of the Clinton faction. But it should seem from what has appeared that their offers were not considered as very provoking assaults on *virgin purity*. At least we heard no outcry till months after the outrage; and we have no doubt but the parties concerned will hush it as a family affair, and make another match whenever they can agree relative to pin-money preliminaries.

We intended to have taken up this subject more seriously, and dwelt upon it at length; but the dangers which impend from without distract our attention from local subjects. We fancy that under the domination of Bonaparte there will be no very minute inquiries made relative to the ramifications of party in the United States.

—

From Albany we learn that the Hon. SMITH THOMPSON, Esq. is appointed Mayor of this city.

—

SALEM, February 6.

On Wednesday last, Captain John Felt, in the brig Belleisle, arrived here from Bordeaux, which place he left the 11th of December, and has obliged us with French papers to that date. A vessel has also arrived at New-Bedford, which sailed from Nantz the latter end of November. These furnish us with many interesting and some highly important articles—translations of which follow:

England declared in a state of Blockade by France!

IMPERIAL DECREE,

Declaring the British Isles in a state of Blockade.

IMPERIAL CAMP, BERLIN, NOV. 21, 1806.

NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy—CONSIDERING:—

1. That England does not admit the right of nations as universally acknowledged by all civilized people:—

2. That she declares as an enemy state, and in consequence makes prisoners of war, not only the crews of *armed* vessels, but those also of *merchant* vessels, and even the supercargoes of the same:—

3. That she extends or applies to merchant vessels, to articles of commerce, and to the property of individuals, the right of conquest which can only be applied or extended to what belongs to an enemy state:—

4. That she extends to ports not fortified, to the habours and mouths of rivers, the *right of blockade*, which, according to the reason and the usage of civilized nations, is applicable only to strong or fortified ports:—

That he declares blockaded places before which he has not a single vessel of war; although a place ought not to be considered blockaded but when it is so invested as that no approach to it can be made without imminent hazard;—that she declares even places blockaded which her united forces would be incapable of doing, such as entire coasts, and a whole empire:—

5. That this unequalled abuse of right of blockade has no other object, than to interrupt the communications of different nations, and to extend the commerce and industry of England upon the ruin of those of the continent:—

6. That this being the evident design of England, whoever deals on the continent in English merchandize, favours that design, and becomes an accomplice:

7. That this conduct in England, (worthy only of the first ages of barbarism) has benefited her to the detriment of other nations:—

8. That it being right to oppose to an enemy the same arms she makes use of, to combat as she does; when all ideas of justice, and every liberal sentiment, (the result of civilization among men) are disregarded:

We have resolved to enforce against England the usages which she has consecrated in her maritime code.

The present Decree shall be considered as the fundamental law of the empire, until England has acknowledged that the *rights of war* are the same on land as at sea; that it cannot be extended to any private property whatever, nor to persons who are not military, and until the right of blockade be by competent forces.

Art. 1. The British islands are in a state of Blockade.

2. All commerce and correspondence with them is prohibited. Consequently, all letters or packets written *in* England, or to an Englishman, *written in the English language*, shall not be dispatched from the Post-Offices, and shall be seized.

3. Every individual, a subject of Great-Britain, of whatever rank or condition, who is found in countries occupied by our troops or those of our allies, shall be made a prisoner of war.

4. Every ware-house, all merchandize or property whatever belonging to an Englishman, are declared good prize.

5. The commerce of English Merchandize is prohibited. All Merchandize the produce or manufacture of England or her Colonies, is declared to be good prize.

6. One half of the proceeds of merchandize declared to be good prize and forfeiture, as in the preceding articles, shall go to indemnify merchants who have suffered losses by the English Cruisers.

7. No vessel coming directly from England or her Colonies, or having been there since the publication of this decree, shall be admitted into any port.

8. Every vessel, that by a false declaration contravenes the foregoing disposition, shall be seized; and the Ship and Cargo confiscated as English property.

[9. This article states, that the Councils of Prizes at Paris and Milan shall have recognizance of what may arise in the Empire and in Italy, under the present article.]

10. Communications of this Decree shall be made to the Kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, Etruria, and to our other Allies; whose subjects as well as ours, are victims of the injustice and barbarity of the English Maritime Code.

11. Our Ministers of foreign relations, &c. are charged with the execution of the present Decree.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

By the Emperor,

H. B. Maret, *Secretary of State.*

From the Norfolk Ledger.

In our paper of this day, we copy from the *Enquirer*, a letter respecting Col. Burr, to which were added some notes by the Editor of that paper, but which we have not copied; one of them, however, we cannot pass over without notice, and is in the following words, referred to in the part of the letter where Commodore Truxton is mentioned:

"*A very different account of this transaction had previously reached us. It was stated that Commodore T's. patriotism had taken a pretty long nap—although he had received overtures from A. B. he did not communicate these to the administration, before he had discovered that similar informations were proceeding from other quarters. It was C. Truxton to whom we alluded in our "Parallel drawn from antiquity."*

"The parallel drawn from antiquity," in which the Commodore is alluded to, we do not remember to have seen, but nothing except the most profound ignorance of Commodore Truxtun's character, or the most illiberal prejudice, could have induced any one for a moment to have supposed him

capable of listening to a treasonable project. Col. Burr knew the Commodore too well to have hinted any thing like treason to him. There is but one way in which any one could have presumed on the guilt of Commodore Truxton, in even concealing a treasonable project. Those whose patriotism is bottomed upon the narrow basis of interest, and whose minds are never extended beyond the calculation of advancing themselves and their adherents, by means however unworthy, may readily impute such motives to others. Conscious also that Commodore Truxton had received the most cruel, if not the most unjust treatment from the present administration, it was easy for persons such as we have described, to suppose that the Commodore would rejoice in the opportunity of gratifying his resentment against the administration, at the expense of his country's peace, and to the ruin of his well-earned reputation.

From whom the Editor of the Enquirer drew his information, that led him to conclusions so false, as he now confesses, and so unjust as applied to Commodore Truxton, (as every one who knows him will admit) we know not, but we will venture to say, that it is one who has no knowledge of the Commodore, or who, blinded by political prejudice, can impute the most unworthy motives and actions to his opponents, without a shadow of proof for assertion, or even suspicion.

It is a disgrace to our country, to perceive the poisonous libels that the papers daily teem with; and if they are not corrected in some way or other, it will be more than problematical whether the liberty of the press (as now used) will not produce greater evils in our society than benefit. But this is a subject which would lead us into a more extensive discusion than we are now prepared for.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

Is situate on the north side of Chesnut, midway between Tenth and Eleventh-streets; the lot of ground is one hundred feet front by one hundred and seventy-eight feet deep; it recedes from the front line of the street seventy-five feet, has twenty-five feet vacant ground on each side, and forty-three feet back; it is set sufficiently high to admit of a terrace in front.

The present building, which is fifty feet front by sixty feet deep, is so calculated as to be a whole when finished; and, at the same time, to admit of extensive future additions, viz. one room of one hundred feet by forty-three exteriour at the back, and one on each side of fifty feet by twenty-five exteriour: toward which additions the whole of the fire-places, funnels, doors, and stair-ways, are already effected; and it is only necessary to break away four inches of brick-work, where they will be found placed in a uniform and regular manner. The character of the exteriour architecture is modern Ionick. The front elevation consists of a marble basement four feet high, with (as is intended) a large flight of steps, to a recessed porch eighteen feet front on the front line, and ten feet deep; the remainder of the elevation consists of a high principal story and an attick with cornice, parapet, frise, and neck moulding. The recessed porch is to have a column on each side coupled (one diameter distant) with a pilaster against each side of the recess; a full order of entablature is to rest on the whole of these, with trophies or plain tablets above; and the pavement is to be of marble slabs variegated, a centre for which has been presented by Mr. S. Gratz, of a quality equal to the Kilkenny, viz. of a fine jet black with an occasional sprinkling of pure white. The roof is nearly flat in every part, except where the dome appears, which is unique, it is a hemisphere of brick turned, two-thirds of which was sprung without a centre, and the remainder, owing to the lateness of the season, with very slight and little centering. The whole could have been effected in a superiour style had not the building been begun too late in the season; and

it is a better mode than with centering, because every course of bricks keys itself; and it is extremely simple, a single strip regulates the whole. Centering always costs more than the arching, hence it is economical, and can always be done in a circular arch, but not in a lineal one; on this arch immediately, and without any medium of wood, is laid a most complete piece of slate-work, each piece of which is secured immediately to the first brick dome, and having stood the test of two winters, may be pronunced a sound job. In addition, in consequence of having no rafters, or any other work except as before expressed, this roof costs less than a shingled one.

The interiour consists of a principal room, two committee rooms, three chambers, and complete cellars under the whole. The principal room is forty-six feet diameter, and eighteen feet high to the springing of the ceiling, which is a dome having the sole light from its centre: the ceiiing is plain except a radii of light in stucco around the opening and semi-circular architraves with reversed mouldings at the springing. The sides consist of eight tall pedestals alternating with an equal number of recesses which open to stair-ways or intended additional rooms; these recesses also consist of principal and attick pannels or openings; over these are arches whose saffits obtrude into the dome, the effect of which is novel; so that the dome appears (as it really does) to rest on those heightened pedestsls, which have their full order of entablature occasionally relieved by guiloche enrichments. The whole of the building was completed from the commencement in eleven solid weeks (in all not seventeen weeks) and is a specimen of sound work.

The Character of EDMUND BURKE.

BY DOCTOR PARR.

There is, I am aware, a certain wordy speaker, who, for his readiness and fluency, and showy exercitations, has obtained among the multitude the character of the consummate orator. Let the admirers of this man gnash their teeth with vexation, while I speak what my soul dictates, of the eloquence of Burke—of Burke, by whose sweetness Athens herself would have been soothed, with whose amplitude and exuberance, she would have been enraptured, and on whose lips that prolific mother of genius and science, would have adored, confessed the Goddess of Persuasion.

There were some among the Romans who esteemed a certain terseness and exility of style and sentiment, provided it were laboured, and polished, and elegant, as truly Attic; and held the more full and grand, and commanding, and magnificent species of oratory in the highest contempt. Vain of their taste and their sagacity, and insensible of the gradations, the transitions, and the variety of the Athenian style, such men had the audacity to condemn the harangues of Cicero himself, as tumid, oriental, and redundant. Men have not been wanting with us, who have croaked the same dull note, and repeated the same lifeless criticism of the eloquence of Burke. But let these vain pretenders to Attic taste, without the robustness of mind to tolerate its beauties, learn to think more highly of our illustrious orator; let them know, that to imitate Burke, is to speak Athenian like and well; and that even to have attained a relish for the charms, is greatly to have advanced in literature.

Let me add, and it is much to the purpose, that Burke, on whatever topic he touches, in the excursive range of his allusions, appears a master of the subject; and to have acquired a deep and thorough insight into whatever is excellent in elegant art or solid science. Critics there are who wish to separate eloquence from literature, and to ascribe the powers of the orator to a certain natural talent improved by habit. While we congratulate these original and unlettered speakers, let us admire in Burke a mind by nature formed for eloquence, and impregnated with every subsidiary, by sedulous and unwearied application. He applied himself to classical literature, because he knew that from that literature the orator was furnished with its choicest ornaments, and because he felt that it silently infused the habit of speaking even English well.

Demosthenes is said to have been a reader, and even an auditor of Plato; and Cicero is confirmed in this opinion by the choice and grandeur of his style. How deeply read is Burke; what memory from the orators and poets, so forcibly felt by every man of letters in that strong tincture of literature which pervades, with essential fragrance, all his compositions. His superior genius, like that of Phidias, was no sooner exhibited than felt; but observing how much the brightest talents have been obscured by negligence, he never relaxed his ardent assiduity a moment, nor suffered the extent of his attainments to damp his appetite for more.

Few have the opportunity or the power of forming a competent opinion of a speech delivered; but of Burke's eloquence there are specimens, of which every one may judge. Look at what he has published, the charm equally of the world at large, and of the ablest critics. Who is there among men of eloquence or learning more profoundly versed in every branch of science? Who is there that has cultivated philosophy, the parent of all that is illustrious in literature or exploit, with more felicitous success? Who is there that can transfer so happily the result of laborious and intricate research, to the most familiar and popular topics? Who is there that possesses so extensive, yet so accurate an acquaintance with every transaction, recent or remote? Who is there that can deviate from his subject, for the purposes of delight, with such engaging ease, and insensibly conduct his readers from the severity of reasoning to the festivity of wit? Who is there that can melt them, if the occasion require, with such resistless power, to grief and pity? Who is there that combines the charm of inimitable grace and urbanity with such magnificent and boundless expansion? He that can do this, I affirm it again and again, has Attic powers, and speaks a language which, while it sooths the multitude by its sweetness, by the correctness and pregnancy, will captivate the judgement of the severest critic

Many men, of more talent than erudition, have fancied that they could speak better than they could write; and flattered themselves with a reputation for eloquence which never stood the test of severe and critical examination. Many a speech has been received with infinite applause in the delivery, which, when handed about in the prints, has appeared poor, languid, and lifeless. Lord Chatham was a great man, a most animated and terrific orator, and eminently endued with the first qualifications of a great statesman; yet as a speaker, his fame, doubtless from the witchery of his manner, was greater than his power. Like Cromwell, he had that perspicuity of eye, which pried into the inmost recesses of the soul, and detected all the thoughts and impressions, and hopes and fears, of his auditors. He had that too which Cromwell had not; for Cromwell we are told was slow in the conception of his ideas while he spoke, and diffuse and perplexed in the delivery. But in Chatham, when he rose to speak, there was a fervour and vehemence of imagination, a headlong torrent of words, and a power of sound, which deafened and stunned, and confounded his opponents. In the man himself, I well remember, there was a native dignity of form, which commanded reverence and faith; and, by filling his hearers with a holy awe, predisposed them to his purpose. With powers little calculated to instruct or delight, there was a vehemence of contention, and awakening energy of manner, an impassioned ardour, a confident and boastful exultation, which victory only rendered more ferocious and ungovernable. He often rose to dignity in the donation of applause; still oftener blazed to fiercenessin the fulmination of invectives; and sometimes, in the violence of altercation, stung with a poignancy of wit peculiarly his own. But take away these showy apendages of eloquence, which are included almost in the very name of Chatham; take away that which in the judgment of Demosthenes was the first, the second, the third qualification of an orator; and which, in Chatham, were displayed as they prevailed in so astonishing a measure, and with such felicity of success; take away the imposing dignity of his presence, the strength and grandeur of his voice, the elaborate vehemence of his gesticulation, worked up, often to extravagance, and better adapted to the Drama than the Senate; take these away, and in those very speeches which were extolled by his auditors as transcending far all praise, you will find nothing, scarcely, which so forcibly strikes, or sweetly soothed the ear; nothing which by its strength or clearness captivates the judgment; nothing which the intelligent reader in a cool and deliberate hour will approve; or having once read, will eagerly demand again.

Such, I confess, was the giant scale of Chatham's mind, that he might well claim, and would assuredly fill with honour, the highest station to which a subject can aspire. To his other original and illustrious qualities, was added that felicity of fortune which fills up the measure of all pre-eminent greatness. In his character as Minister, such was the greatness and elevation of his spirit, like Scipio, he could revive expiring ardour, and fill men with a confidence of expectation, which no mortal course of nature ever did, or under any auspices, ever ought to inspire. Those, however, who consider Chatham not as a first rate orator, but as another Demosthenes, are greatly deceived. In Demosthenes, with a dignity which has scarcely been equalled, was combined a sagacity and coolness which can never be surpassed. He who aspires only to be rapid, vehement, and sonorous, without descending to plain narrative, cool statement, close argument, sacrifices reason to passion, and touches on the precincts of a frantic eloquence. It was the lot of Chatham to owe whatever he possessed, to a genius exercised by practice alone. The consequence was natural. With infinite fluency and animation he insured the fate of Galba, and while breathing consuming fire as a speaker, all the force and all the blaze of his eloquence was extinguished upon paper.

Far different is Burke. To wing his flight to the sublime of eloquence, he has called in the labours of the closet. Burke would not

that the fame of his powers should be circumscribed within the same poor limits that bound life; nor has he feared, most certainly he has not shunned that solemn sentence which posterity, "who extenuate nothing, or set down aught in malice," will hereafter pronounce upon his genius.

There are many, I know, who, though well convinced that the pen is the instructor of the tongue, and perfectly able to treat any subject upon paper with infinite correctness and art, yet, when drawn from the shade of studious retirement into action, are not only incapable of delivering with clearness, what they have very justly conceived, but exhibit the spectacle of absolute helplessness and fatuity. But Burke, though fully satisfied that nothing contributes more to good speaking than good writing, is equally prepared for both. The same powerful mind, the same divine and inextinguishable ardour, which fires him in the Senate, animates him in the solitude of composition; nor need he blush to say of his speeches what Thucydides had affirmed of his elaborate history, "I give it to the public as an everlasting possession, and not as a contentious instrument of temporary applause."

There is an unwillingness in the world to show that the same man has excelled in various pursuits; but Burke's compositions, diversified as they are in their nature, yet each excelling in its kind, who does not read with instruction and delight? I have hitherto surveyed the merits of the orator; let us now view him as a critic and a philosopher.

Criticism, which others would have been content to study as they found it, Burke has enlarged by his discoveries, illustrated by his multifarious learning, and treated with all the graces of a style most elegant and refined, yet not polished into insipidity by too curious a care. Often has it been lamented that the language of philosophers is usually so crabbed and uncouth, as to deter readers of taste from perusal of their labours. It fell to Burke, by his purity and grace, to purge off this inveterate rust, and to adapt to the knottiest and the subtlest disquisitions, such a flowing ease, fertility and lustre of style, as the world had never witnessed. With such illustrious proofs of his own powers, he has at once, by his precepts and example, instructed others to excel; for whether he luxuriates in speeches replete with the choicest phraseology and happiest periods, or bends his keen and subtle intelligence on critical disquisition, such is the felicity of his labours, that he at once quickens the sagacity of his readers, while he stores their memory and fertilizes their fancy with invigorating and varied information.

On the morals of a man most conspicuously endued with the more amiable and the severe virtues, I hold it needless to descant. The unspotted innocence, the firm integrity of Burke, want no emblazoning; and if he is accustomed to exact a rigorous account of the moral conduct of others, it is justified in one who shuns not the most inquisitorial scrutiny into his own.

I know what unsafe and treacherous ground I tread. Objectors, I am aware, are not wanting, who will exclaim, that I have lavished praise with too prodigal a hand—that I have been hurried away by my love and admiration of the man. I care not. The tribute I have paid him is little to his deserts—and would to God, that this little had come from any one who could more suitably have expanded and adorned it. This, however, I deliberately and steadily affirm—that of all the men who are, or who ever have been eminent for energy and splendour of eloquence, or for skill and grace in composition, there is not one who, in genius and erudition, in philanthrophy or piety, or in any of the qualities of a wise and good man, surpasses Burke.

FOR THE WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

TO CLARA.

On reading her Poems.

O THOU, sweet mistress of the tuneful art!
Thou, nice musician of the feeling heart!
No unknown tongue, in this thy verse, I hear;
But welcome sounds arrest my charmed ear!

Yes, CLARA! where thou lead'st, I follow still;
Weep o'er thy child's grave—list the falling rill;
Wander with thee, beneath the moon's pale light,
And yield a sigh to the soft silent night!

Fair minstrel, to thy bosom's warm recess,
(Sole charm of life,) the fond AFFECTIONS press!
Dear beauteous nestlings! though (alas the while!)
With many a tear they mingle ev'ry smile!

Yes, THEY inhabit with thee, and convey
The charm that wins us in thy tender lay!
'Tis they that shine thus in thy speaking eye;
And they that breathe the fragrance of thy sigh!

LÆTUS.

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